

# The Centurion



"Humor by the Megaton"

VOL. 2, No. 1

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1962

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

In lieu of the letters to the editors, the following tributes have been received from pre-eminent members of the student body.

To whom it may concern:

Congratulations on the new Centurion. Can I go now?

Renee Poisson

... that brilliant bit of journalistic wit and criticism, The Centurion ..."

The Martlet, Nov. '61.

**Eds. Note: Quote went on to say, "... adding inaccuracy to insult and injury ..."**

... The Centurion is undoubtedly slanted ...'  
R. S. Paulding

Gee, fellows ...  
... peachy keen ...

Sharon Kirk

To the Householder:

New Papermate Pens with the Piggy-back refill ...

Your Friendly Neighbourhood Dealer

Dear Sirs:

You're back. YAHOO!

Charlie Bell

Gentlemen:

Really, how can you be so crass ... returning to the campus?

Incidentally, I heard a dirty ... filthy ... body ... money ... underhanded ... into the open!

Chris Morley

**Eds. Note: Mr. Morley's contribution had to be edited. Pity.**

Dear Sirs:

My most heartfelt felicitations on the inception of this fine literary endeavour. It marks an epoch in journalism.

Tony Else

To the Centurion Office (or occupant):

Notice of eviction has been duly served and recorded, in this county, according to the statute in such case made and provided.

Your Friendly Neighbourhood Process Server.

Holla:

Holy Mackerel, fellas, you're back! Datsa good. I've had to wrappa da fish in Martlets!

Ernie the Fishseller

THIS SPACE IS DEDICATED  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
**PAUL GUTHARD, Newspaperman**  
AND  
**GEORGE GUNTER, Student**  
WHO WERE MURDERED AT  
THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI  
OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI  
FOR FREEDOM OF THE PRESS  
ACADEMIC FREEDOM  
AND  
RACIAL EQUALITY

(A satiric article on the situation at the University of Mississippi was originally intended for this space. At press time, we learned of the blood shed that made the matter no longer a subject for humour.)

## THE CENTURION

Published surreptitiously by the following horde of poltroons and varlets:

Boss: **Daniel O'Brien**, for this issue only; Speller: **Elsie Wollaston** who won the spelling bee in Vancouver in 1858, and is responsible for all typographical errors; poetry in this issue was okayed by **J. Dovetonsils Hinton**; man who actually takes responsibility for the whole mess is **Bob "Toad" Bell**, (he pulled the short straw); **Ivars "Gwumba" Lusi**s contributed tobacco during the editorial meeting, as well as being art editor, (whatever that means); **Leslie Millin** did the layout (but was then asked to leave the dance floor); Faculty advisor is **Baron Friedrich von Kriegel**, who doesn't know it yet.

How about that, sports fans?

## A SHORT HISTORY OF SOMETHING OR OTHER. . .

By DANIEL O'BRIEN

As the reader is undoubtedly aware, the editorials usually found in campus periodicals seem to be all somewhat similar in content—that is, a few pithy paragraphs dealing with some current, burning issue. But at present, other than the possibility that sundry members of the student body may take it upon themselves to indeed burn this issue, no such topic occurs, even to the hypersensitive, transistor brains percolating for the Centurion.

For this reason then, as well as for the benefit of the uninitiated (i.e. freshmen), the editors beg leave to indulge their own diminutive yet demanding egos and devote the entire editorial to dissertation upon the mysteries of the Centurion itself—its pathetic past, presumptuous present, and somewhat fuscous future. Incidentally, should the reader feel too acutely the absence of a timely, controversial topic in this edition he will be more than amply compensated for the loss next fortnight when we will feature an explosive editorial dealing with the **very** timely Centurion contumely trial.

### **"De mortuis nil nisi bonum"**

**Diogenes Laertius**

In reference to the Centurion in the past, or more exactly to the activities of Centurion readers in the past, the editors must suppress their genuine sentiments. It will suffice to say that the feathers served only to lessen our winter wardrobe expenditure while affording all the warmth of a Harris tweed, and the purchase of that inferior quality tar, which fairly trickled off the limbs under the August sun, only provides fresh evidence of the mismanagement of A.M.S. funds.

### **"We Three Loggerheads Be"**

**Old English Picture Title**

But now let us consider the Centurion's present status or perhaps predicament would be a more accurate word. A clear unequivocal statement of the Centurion's editorial policy and literary standards is certainly in order. A difficulty is encountered here, however, in as much as the remarkably few threads of policy or standards vaguely discernible in the publication in question are such as do not admit to clear unequivocal statements of any description. "But surely some form of commentary is available," in-

quires the reader demandingly. It is here that his unexpurgated copy of Roget's Thesaurus (definitely **not** the story of a young boy and his pet dinosaur) becomes an invaluable aid. Under such general headings as "slander," "idiocy" and "culprit" much relevant information will be found.

Curiously enough, this particular field of study has given rise to one of today's smartest parlour games, as any of the "young moderns" will be able to tell you—between sips of Pepsi Cola. The rules are simplicity itself. Each player receives a pencil and a piece of paper upon which the name of his or her date has been previously inscribed vertically. The player must then endeavour to use each character in the column as the first letter in a word, adjectival to the Centurion, yet **not actually** a swear word or a vulgar expression. This obviously poses quite a test of one's sophisticated vocabulary. A sample is given here:

I—nsufferable (-rremediable, -nsipid)

G—rotesque (-agging, rub Street, -hastly)

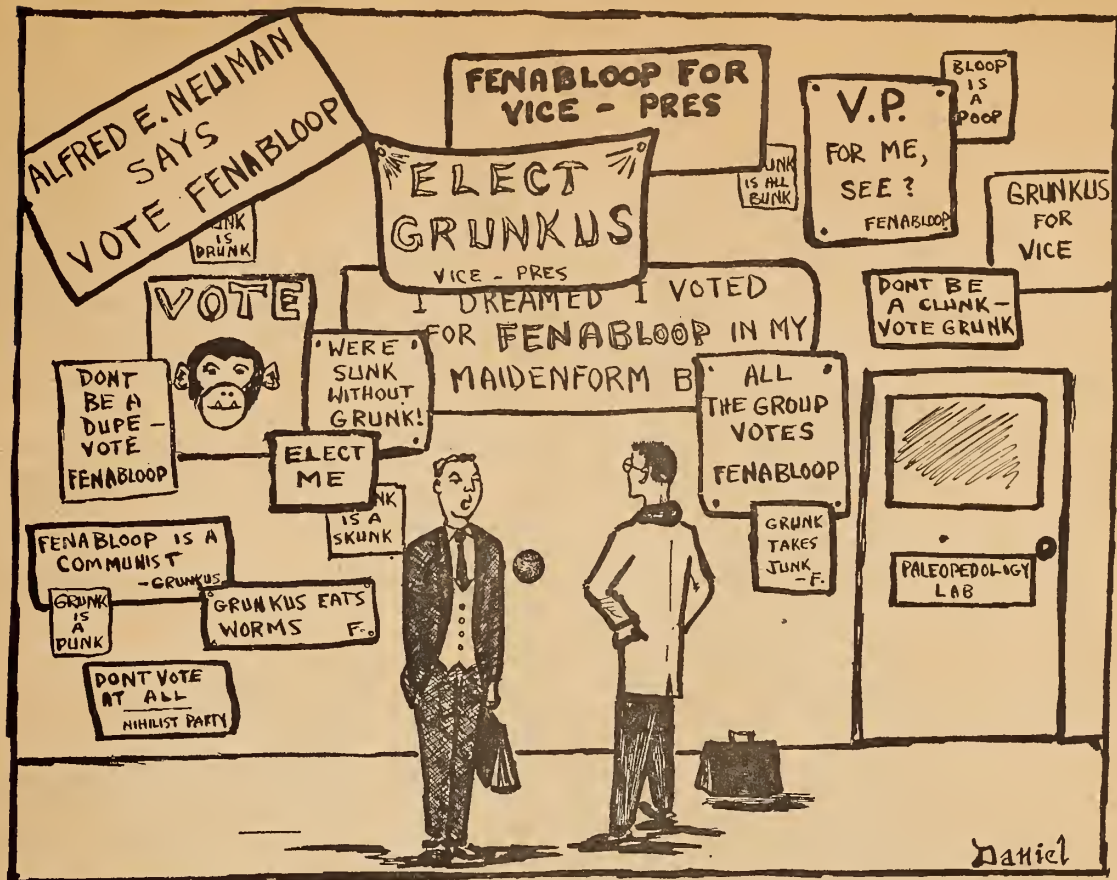
O—bscene (-bnoxious, -dious, -deriferous)

R—epugnant (-andy, -abelasian)

**"I thence evoke thy aid to my adventurous song that with no middle flight intends to soar above the Aonian mount."**

The future of the Centurion remains shrouded (and I use the word advisedly) in mystery. One point is clear, though; it cannot be starved unto death. The reader holds in his hands this minute irrefutable evidence that a dearth of inspired material will never bring the Centurion press to a welcome halt. No, that possibility has been thoroughly explored. There exists only one tenuous hope—one desperate plan for ending the Centurion once and for all. Turn the tables! Fight slop with fire! You can strike back at this vile press! How? Stab it repeatedly with your letters to the editor. Bludgeon it unmercifully with your cartoons and verses. Smother it under an avalanch of brilliant articles, essays, and anecdotes. Cram its cavernous maw 'til it burst and perish of its own monstrous greed!





"Kinda Renews Your Faith in Democracy, Doesn't it?"

### BAD JOKE OF THE FORTNIGHT

In keeping with the faulty grammar, poor spelling, and generally atrocious layout, the Centurion now presents its Bad Joke of the Fortnight. Contributions to this regular feature are tolerated—in fact, welcomed. Only those submissions which prove truly 'x + 1 crable,' to borrow a phrase from Poe, will be considered.

I found this one scrawled on the back of a note which came requesting ransom for my grandmother.

"Waiter, there's a lizard swimming in my soup."

"Oh, sorry sir, I gave you too much. He's supposed to be wading."

### CENTURION QUOTE OF THE FORTNIGHT

"HE WHO COMES LAST, BEST LAUGH."  
from "Romulus," by Gore Vidal.

### CENTURION SELECTIONS FOR CULTURE VULTURES

#### BOOKS

Brand new sure-fire best seller from Cuisinaire Publications, *THE LORD OF THE FLIES*, by Mrs. Norriss.

"Author swats out sure winner." William Golding.

"It's like a speck in your milk. You can't put your finger on it, but something gets you right where you live." Board of Health.

... And for lighter reading ...

*A GENERATION OF VIPERS*, by Swami Visluu Rax.

"Which vay to da window," says Phillip Villey. "Coil up with this one, it's positively venomous" Biologist Review.

#### RECORDINGS

*IN AND OUT THE WINDOWS* by Mal Potts, (accompanied by Randy Bouchard on the putty knife).

This one is sure to be a smash. "Shattering," says Glaziers' Union.

"Best sound yet"—P.P.G.

"Would make a great school song"—Dick Batey.

## THE SNARK HUNT

*"What's the use of Mercator's North Poles and equators,  
Topics, Zones, and Meridian Lines?"*

*So the Bellman would cry: and the crew would reply,  
"They are merely conventional!"*

Lovers of the Snark Hunt are having a gay time in our part of the world just now, as every administrator with the power to amend legislation jumps in to do his part. Especially to be admired as Bellmen true are the prime minister of our nation and the premier of our province, both of whom seem happy to treat the legislative bodies they head as guinea pigs in whatever political experiment they care to explore.

Mr. W. A. C. Bennett, who won an election on a free-enterprise platform, steamed ahead to take over the province's largest utility company in direct disregard of the wishes of the party or the people; Mr. John Diefenbaker, whose skills trumpeted that "Canada's economy has never been healthier," had to institute a grinding austerity program right after the election, making use of the policies he fired James Coyne for advocating not long before.

As befits his higher rank, Mr. Diefenbaker has also perpetrated the Canadian Bill of Rights, a bold stroke of legislation that leaves us unsure whether our national honour has been vindicated or liquidated. Lawyers the nation over can thank him for giving them a little more work as they struggle with its complexities, but the average man will have to wait until the courts have sorted it out before it will be of any assistance to him.

The inherent danger in hunting the snark of public favor is, of course, that it might be a boojum, that species of snark that causes the beholder to "softly and suddenly vanish away," just as the Union Nationale did in Quebec not so long ago. Just how to find a boojum is not clear, but we suspect that following a blank map so that you have to make up your own directions—monkeying with the constitutional safeguards that protect the citizenry in other words—is a pretty sure way of doing it.

No matter how impressive the politician is personally; no matter how resounding his speeches—and the Bellman usually has some pretty good ones—the public will eventually realize that he has no policy but that of self-interest, no program but that of political expediency.

That's when the snark is a boojum.

*"Other maps are such shapes with their islands and capes,  
But we've our brave Captain to thank,"*

*(So the crew would protest,) "that he's bought us the best  
A perfect and absolute blank!"*

## BULL BY THE CORNS

BY MIKE CORN

Sieg Heil, fellas. Guten Tag. Nice to be back from Deutschland, or Allemagne, as we call it in France. Wie ist der Gerschtomak fur schplochs? Nice to be back to civilized liquor laws, where citizens as scheltered from that demon rum. Those who were so fortunate as to read my Epi-schtoli, as we say back on the continent, will be ecstatic to learn I'm back writing for the Martlet. And I smoke now, isn't that just too much?

(Con't on pages 7-32)

## POETRY SECTION

### THOUGHTS, MORE OR LESS, OF ABROAD

#### I.

Oh, to be in Cuba  
Now that Castro's there,  
And whoever wakes in Cuba  
Finds, some morning, unaware,  
That the secret police of the bearded chief  
Have made him a gift of a fun'ral wreath  
While the firing squad takes aim and—pow!  
In Cuba—now!

#### II.

And after Castro some Red follows,  
And Krushchov smiles, and Jack F. swallows:  
Hark, where some grinning boor in the U.N.  
Pounds with his shoe, makes dialectic clover,  
Blusters and threats—he's at it once again—  
That's old Nick S.; he makes each threat twice  
over  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
That first fine careless rapture!  
And though collective farms won't function right  
All will be well once workers see the light  
And break their chains and shoot their masters  
dead . . .  
Man lives by Marx alone—he needs no bread!

—John Godfries

## ECHHH

(A new poem by Daniel O'Brien)

### WHO SCISSORED MY LIZARD?

